

STORIES OF THE **ARMY** AND **NAVY**

MILITARY



NOVEMBER
No. 13

COMICS

10¢

BLACKHAWK
VERSUS
the BUTCHER

COMICS MOST HEROIC
CHARACTER
PITTED AGAINST
WORST VILLAIN

ANOTHER EDITION OF
SECRET WAR NEWS
THE SNIPER
PHANTOM CLIPPER
SHOT AND SHELL





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

HERE IT IS!

POLICE COMICS

10¢

NOVEMBER
No. 13

THE SPIRIT

MANHUNTER

CHIC CARTER

#711

THE HUMAN BOMB

RUBBER
Salvage
COLLECTION

Starring
PLASTIC MAN
THE INDIA RUBBER
WIZARD WHO
BOUNCES, BENDS
STRETCHES, SHRINKS

WITH
THE BEST
COMICS
EVER TO
REACH
THE
NEWS-
STANDS
!

TWO SMASHING LEAD FEATURES
PLASTIC MAN AND THE SPIRIT
Plus MANHUNTER THE HUMAN BOMB
CHIC CARTER PHANTOM LADY
AND MANY OTHERS

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ARMY

STORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION ON LAND
Section 1.

Blackhawk

THIS IS THE
STORY OF THE
HUNTER AND
THE HUNTED!
... A SAGA OF A
CRUEL RUTHLESS FIEND,
... THE BUTCHER!!

A STORY SO GRIM... SO
BITTER... SO FANTASTIC THAT
ONLY NOW, AFTER THE SANDS
OF TIME HAVE RUN THEIR
COURSE, AND THE PRINCIPAL
IN THIS HORRIBLE TALE HAS
GONE TO RECKON WITH HIS
MAKER, CAN IT BE TOLD...

BLACKHAWK AND HIS
VALIANT CREW... CHAMPIONS
OF THE OPPRESSED, OF THE
DOWNTRODDEN, DEFENDERS OF
LIBERTY, DARED QUESTION THE
BUTCHER'S RIGHT TO MURDER...
AND... WELL... READ ON... SEE
BLACKHAWK PITTED AGAINST
THE WORST VILLIAN WHO EVER
LIVED! SEE THE GREAT
COURAGE OF MAN... SEE
BLACKHAWK, THE MOST HERO-
IC HERO OF THIS BLOODY
WAR, MATCH WITS WITH
THE MONSTER...

THE BUTCHER!



SOMEWHERE IN OCCUPIED TERRITORY, THE BUTCHER LIVES!!! THE NATIVES SPELL TERROR WITH HIS NAME, AND SHOW HIS FACE TO THEIR CHILDREN AS THE DEVIL HIMSELF!



ON THIS PARTICULAR DAY, THINGS HAVE NOT BEEN GOING TOO WELL FOR THE BUTCHER!



ANYONE WOULD THINK I'M A LEPER FROM THE WAY THESE NATIVES AVOID ME! WHAT HAVE I DONE TO DESERVE SUCH TREATMENT!!



THEY DO NOT APPRECIATE KINDNESS...THESE SAVAGES! I HAVE BEEN GOOD TO THEM AND THEY REPAY ME WITH THEIR SCORN!



THEY CALL ME "THE BUTCHER" AND THE WOMEN HIDE THEIR CHILDREN'S FACES WHEN I GO BY. SUCH INSOLENCE! WHAT CARE I FOR THEIR DEAD! I HAVE DONE MY SACRED DUTY TO THE FUHRER!



BUT THE COUNTESS ELSIA... THAT IS DIFFERENT... SHE IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN EUROPE... FOR HER THINGS MUST BE PERFECT... I HAVE LOOKED FORWARD TO THIS MOMENT FOR A LONG TIME!



WHILE AT THE HOME OF
COUNTESS ELSA...

COUNTESS IT IS
TOO LATE! THEY
HAVE COME!

QUICKLY,
WE MUST USE
THE BACK WAY!

THE SOLDIERS ARE
DOWNSTAIRS. IF YOU
MAKE THE SLIGHTEST
NOISE, THEY
MIGHT HEAR
US!

HAVE NO
FEAR!

WHAT'S THE MATTER
WITH HER? IT
SHOULDN'T TAKE
HER THIS LONG
TO GET READY?

YOU FORGET
THAT SHE IS A
COUNTESS, HERR
LIEUTENANT! SHE
CAN TAKE AS LONG
AS SHE LIKES!

THE BARON WILL
BE ANGRY IF HE
IS MADE TO WAIT!
I'D BETTER CALL
HER!

DER TEUFEL!
WHAT'S THIS?

HE'S SEEN
US COUNTESS!

LET HER GO! SHE'S
DONE YOU NO HARM!

OUT OF MY
WAY... YOU
PEASANT!

FOOL! YOU HEARD
MY ORDERS!

OHNN!



AND THE NIGHT DIES..
AND DAY RETURNS AGAIN
IN THE FIRST RAYS OF
THE MORNING SUN A
PLANE CIRCLES THE
CLIFF'S EDGE..

LIKE AN INQUISITIVE HAWK,
THE PLANE POKES ITS NOSE
DOWN OUT OF THE SKY...THE
WHEELS TOUCH THE NARROW
STRIP OF BEACH IN A PERFECT
LANDING AND ROLLS TO A STOP..

I THOUGHT I
SAW SOMEONE
HERE!



A WOMAN... AND
STILL ALIVE... BUT
SHE WON'T BE
FOR LONG... UNLESS
I GET HER OUT
OF HERE!

THAT TREE MUST HAVE
BROKEN HER FALL... IT'S A
MIRACLE SHE SURVIVED...
AND... LUCKY I HAPPENED
ALONG WHEN I DID!

ONCE AGAIN THE MOTORS
OF THE BLACK PLANE
THROB... LIKE A DANCER
SHE RUNS A FEW STEPS
DOWN THE BEACH AND
LEAPS INTO THE AIR!



A SHORT WHILE LATER
THE BARON ARRIVES...

YOU SAY SHE
FELL FROM THIS
SPOT... SHULTZ?
BUT I DON'T SEE
ANYONE DOWN
THERE!!

LOOK! HERR BARON..
A PLANE! DO YOU
RECOGNIZE IT?

I WOULD KNOW THAT
PLANE ANYWHERE IN
THE WORLD!!...
VERDAMMTE!! I
HAVE AN OLD SCORE
TO SETTLE WITH
BLACKHAWK!







ME SERVE
COPPEE, BY
HOOK OR
CLOCK!



YOU MEANT WELL...GOOD OLD
CHOPS... BUT I'M AFRAID COPPEE
WON'T HELP!.. THE COUNTESS
ELSA... IS DYING!



AND AS THE MOON
WANES, THE BLACK-
HAWKS KEEP VIGIL
OVER THE BEDSIDE
OF THE DYING
COUNTESS...



I AM GOING!.. BUT...MY
PEOPLE LIVE ON! EVEN
THE BUTCHER...THE BARON
CANNOT QUENCH
THEIR SPIRIT...!

BUT WHO IS
THIS BARON?...
COUNTESS... WE
SHALL AVENGE
YOU!



BUT ONLY SILENCE ANSWERS THE
BLACKHAWKS...THE COUNTESS IS
DEAD AND STILL...THE BLACKHAWKS
STAND... HEADS BARED AND BOWED...

LATER BESIDE A CROSS A
CHALLENGE IS HURLED TO
THE SKIES... ONE THAT MIGHT
WELL TURN THE BLOOD OF
EVERY NAZI GOLD WITH FEAR!



BUTCHER! THAT'S THE
ONLY NAME I KNOW YOU
BY...BARON... I SWEAR
I'LL GET YOU...
I'LL GET YOU!

BUT WHAT OF THE BUTCHER?
LET US TURN TO HIM, AS
HE WAKES THE NEXT
MORNING IN A BAD MOOD,
WORSE THAN USUAL...



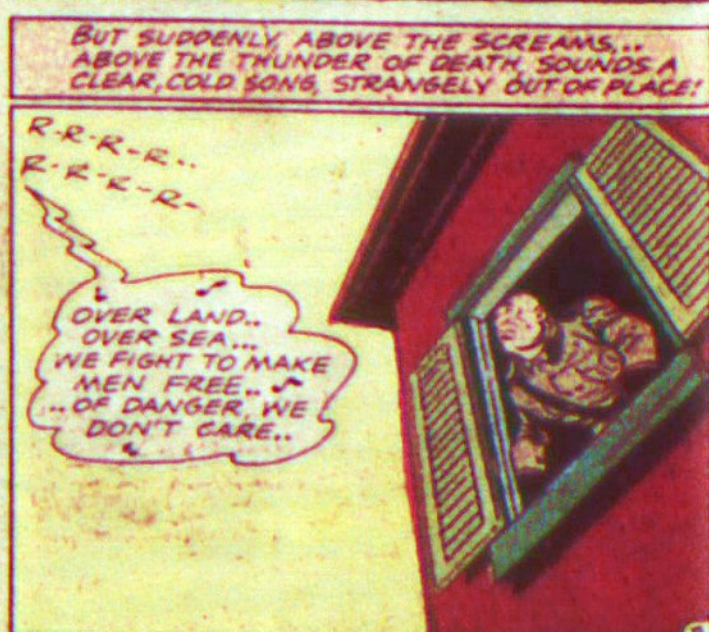
I SLEPT BADLY! WHAT
HAPPENED TO DISTURB
ME...OH YES...THE
COUNTESS CHOSE
DEATH, RATHER
THAN ME!

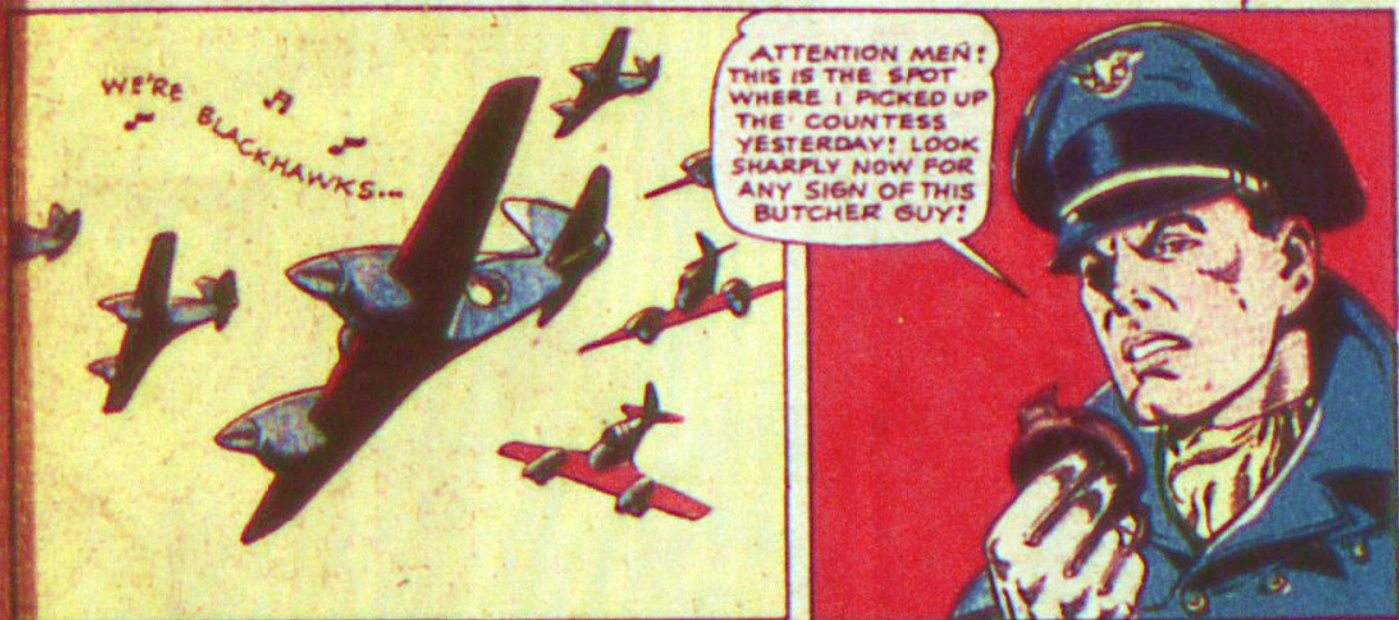


BAH!..HOW COULD A
WOMAN CHOOSE THE GRAVE
RATHER THAN ME...LOOK
AT ME.. EVERY INCH A
MAN... BAH... SHE WAS
STUPID!



BUT THE BARON'S ORDER IS LAW! STUKAS ROAR OUT OF THEIR HANGARS LIKE VULTURES... MERCILESS TANKS RUMBLE FORTH... AND THE HELPLESS VILLAGE IS CRUSHED BETWEEN THE BLACK JAWS OF DEATH!

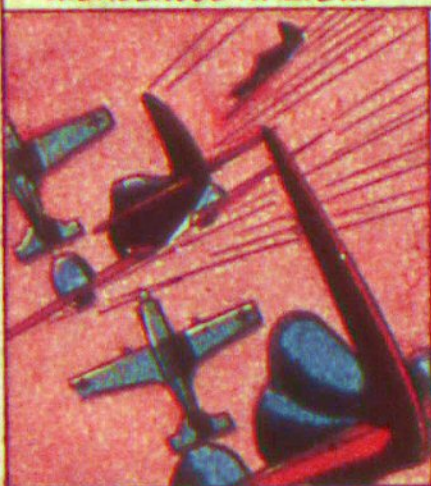




OLAF SUDDENLY SPOTS THE INFAMOUS DESTRUCTION BELOW...

BLACKHAWK GIVES NO ORDER..THERE IS NO NEED TO, AS ONE, THE SQUADRON DIVES AGAINST THE MURDEROUS NAZIS...

BUT TOO LATE TO SAVE THE TOWN... TOO LATE...



THE BUTCHER IS ALREADY...
SPRINTING FOR HIS PLANE!!

THE BLACKHAWKS...
AND THEY ARE GROUNDED!!
"NOW IS THE TIME!!"



TRIUMPHANTLY THE COW-
ARDLY BUTCHER STRAFES
THE MEN ON THE GROUND!



OHO! MORE THAN
ANYTHING, I WANTED
TO SMASH YOU
BLACKHAWK SWINE!

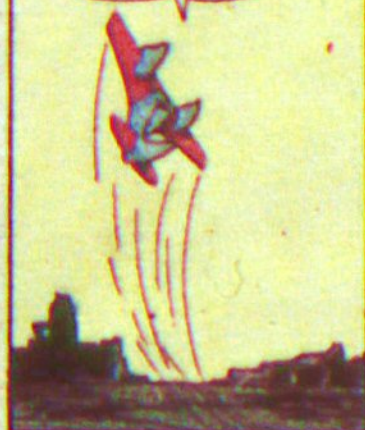


ONLY BLACKHAWK HIMSELF
SPRINGS CLEAR OF THE DEADLY
HAIL...!

OLAF.. ANDRE.. NO USE
HE GOT THEM ALL.. HEAVEN
HELP ME... EVERY ONE!..



I'LL GET YOU,
BUTCHER.. FOR THE
COUNTRY.. FOR THE
VILLAGE.. AND FOR
MY MEN!



BLACKHAWK DRILLS
STRAIGHT UP.. IN A MAN-
EUVER THAT TRAPS THE
NAZI PLANE STRAIGHT
IN HIS GUNSIGHTS...



..BUT TO HIS AMAZEMENT.. THE
NAZI PLANE FLIPS UPWARD
AND AROUND, DRAWING FIRST
BLOOD WITH A BLAST THROUGH
BLACKHAWK'S WING TIPS!



??? I'M DREAMING!
THERE WAS ONLY ONE
NAZI FLYER THAT GOOD!
THAT WAS VON TEPP!
BUT...HE'S DEAD!

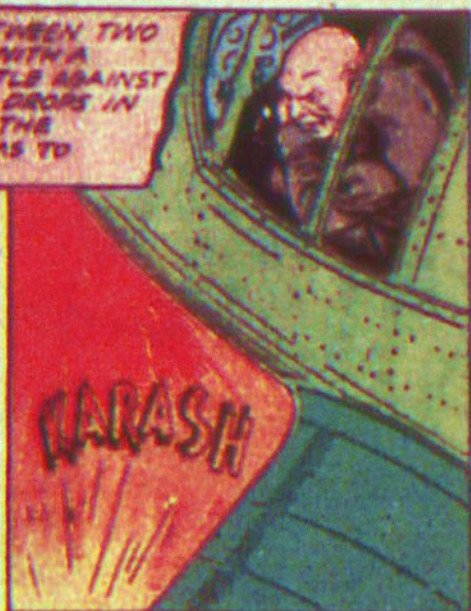


I SEE YOUR RADIO IS OPEN,
BLACKHAWK...WELL I AM
BARON VON TEPP!.. THE
BROTHER OF THE MAN YOU
KILLED! I'VE BEEN
WAITING FOR THIS DAY
OF REVENGE, PIG!!



VON TEPP'S BROTHER! GOOD. HE KILLED MY FAMILY WITH A BOMB IN POLAND. NOW I'LL HAVE THE EXTREME PLEASURE OF SHOOTING DOWN ANOTHER VON TEPP!

A DUEL IN THE SKIES BETWEEN TWO SUPREME AGES... EACH WITH A BURNING SCORE TO SETTLE AGAINST THE OTHER... A PLANE DROPS IN FLAMES... WHICH IS IT? THE UNIVERSE ITSELF SEEMS TO HOLD ITS BREATH...



BURSTING WITH TRIUMPH, BARON VON TEPP CIRCLES DOWN... ONLY TO MAKE SURE THAT BLACKHAWK IS UTTERLY VANQUISHED!

THEN SPEEDS STRAIGHT FOR BERLIN... LIKE A PROUD CHILD WITH A GREAT SECRET...

BLACKHAWK'S DONE... NO MAN COULD LIVE THROUGH THAT!



I DID IT!... I DID IT!... LET ME SEE DER FUEHRER!



AND GAINING AT LAST THE AUGUST PRESENCE OF THE FUEHRER HIMSELF...

I DID IT... FUEHRER! ACH... I CAN HARDLY TALK... I KILLED BLACKHAWK!

BLACKHAWK?! ARE YOU SURE? CERTAIN?... POSITIVE?... ACH... I CAN HARDLY TALK MYSELF!

YOU HAVE DONE GERMANY A GREAT SERVICE, BARON VON TEPP. I CONFER ON YOU A SPECIAL REWARD. TAKE A LEAVE... GO AWAY IF YOU LIKE... YOU ARE FREE FROM DUTY FOR A MONTH...!

DER FUEHRER IS TOO GENEROUS!



AT THIS MOMENT, LET US PAUSE. IS BLACKHAWK REALLY DEAD?.. IS HIS CREW ONE WITH ETERNITY?.. WILL THEIR THRILLING SONG OF THE BLACKHAWKS NEVER MORE BE HEARD?.. YES... BLACKHAWK IS DEAD. BEYOND A DOUBT... AT LEAST IN THE MIND OF VON TEPP. AS HE BEGINS A ROUND OF REVELRY IN CELEBRATION, IN THE CONQUERED NATIONS OF EUROPE...

IN WARSAW..**IN PARIS..****IN VIENNA..****IN ROME..****BUT ONE DAY IN BELGRADE!**



NONSENSE, BARON. YOU KILLED HIM YOURSELF!



BUT IT IS NO GHOST... BLACKHAWK LIVES... THE BARON HAS FLED WITH SUCH SPEED THAT PURSUIT IS VAIN!



GLOLLY.. HIM BROKE HUNDLED-YARD DASH LECORD!

HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE... BLACKHAWK ALIVE... LISTEN WITH US...



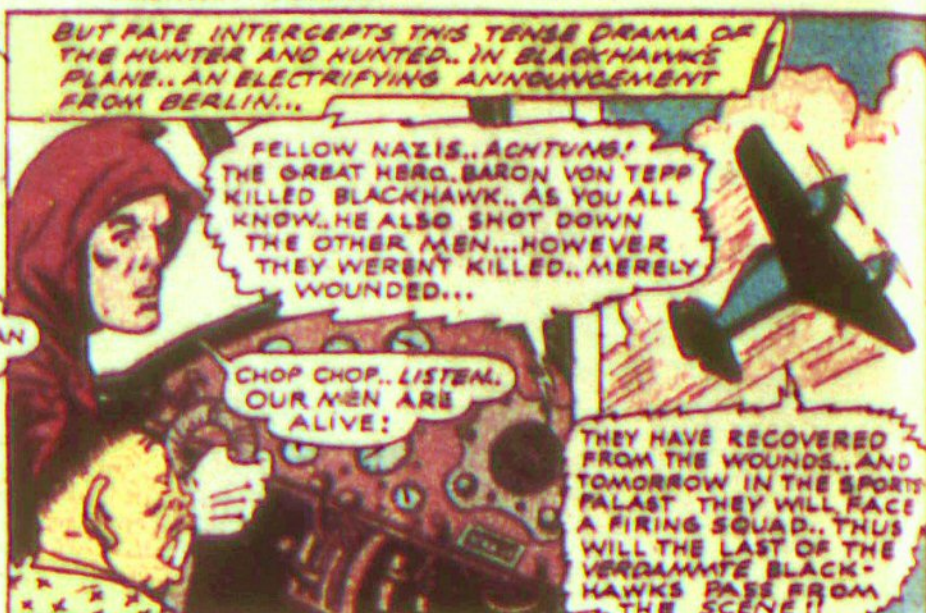
MEANWHILE ON THE TRAIN TO ATHENS...





HE'S TRAPPED! BY GLORY.. WHEN HE ARRIVES AT ATHENS... HA!

WHERE CAN I GO? WHERE CAN I HIDE?..



BUT FATE INTERCEPTS THIS TENSE DRAMA OF THE HUNTER AND HUNTED.. IN BLACKHAWK'S PLANE.. AN ELECTRIFYING ANNOUNCEMENT FROM BERLIN...

FELLOW NAZIS.. ACHTUNG! THE GREAT HERO, BARON VON TEPP KILLED BLACKHAWK.. AS YOU ALL KNOW.. HE ALSO SHOT DOWN THE OTHER MEN... HOWEVER THEY WERENT KILLED.. MERELY WOUNDED...

CHOP CHOP.. LISTEN.. OUR MEN ARE ALIVE!

THEY HAVE RECOVERED FROM THE WOUNDS.. AND TOMORROW IN THE SPORTS PALAST THEY WILL FACE A FIRING SQUAD.. THUS WILL THE LAST OF THE VERDAMMTE BLACK-HAWKS PASS FROM THE SCENE!!

LONG MOMENTS OF THOUGHT.. AN IRONIC CHOICE FACES BLACKHAWK.. BUT SUDDENLY THE PLANE VEERS AWAY...



IT'S THE MEN, CHOP CHOP.. CAN'T BE ANYTHING ELSE! THERE GOES VON TEPP FLYING THE COOP.. I MAY NEVER PICK UP HIS TRAIL AGAIN!!

DAWN SENDS ITS ROSE FINGERS QUESTING OVER THE SPORTSPALAST IN BERLIN... A HUSHED CROWD WATCHES THE FIVE BLACK-HAWKS LED TO A STONE WALL POCK-MARKED BY BULLET-HOLES



READY... AIM...



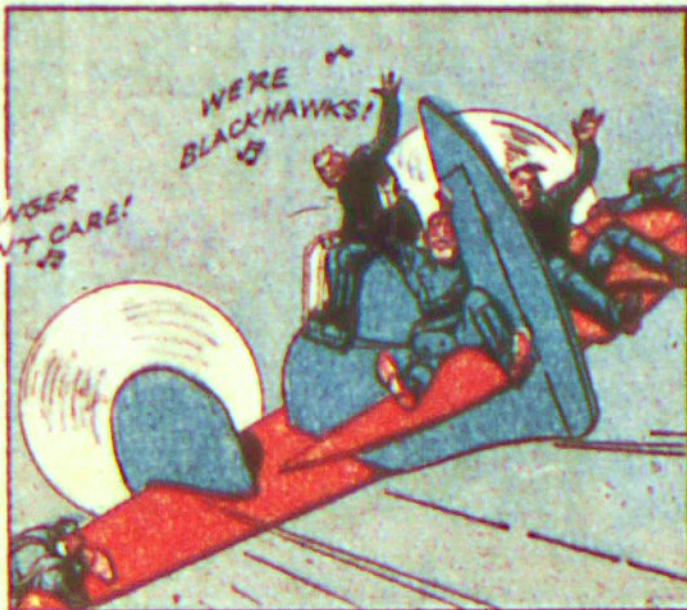
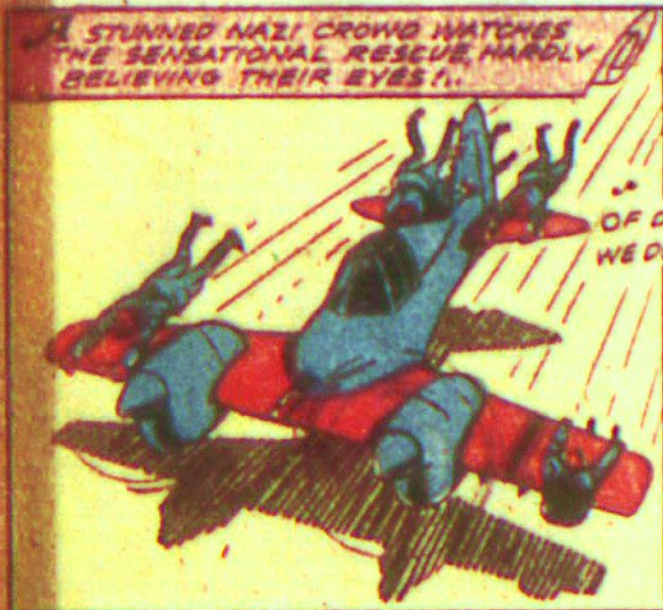
SUDDENLY...

ACH.. VOT IS DOT INTERRUPTION...?



WE FIGHT TO MAKE MEN FREE!

BLACKHAWK! I KNEW HE'D COME!



BUT EVERY SHADOW BECOMES A
LURKING FIGURE NOW TO VON TEPP.
..THE STALWART VENGEFUL FIGURE
OF BLACKHAWK!



NO! NO!
BLACKHAWK!
LET ME ALONE..
HAVE PITY..



AASH!



BY ALLAH!
'TIS STRANGE!.. I DID
THAT MAN NO HARM!
WHY DOES HE RUN!?



I'LL ESCAPE ACROSS
THE DESERT... I'LL
FOOL HIM.. HA!
HA! HA!



BLACKHAWK!



GOTT!



UUHHHH!



VULTURES CIRCLE LATER..
THEIR KEEN NOSTRILS
HAVE SNIFFED... DEATH!



AND THAT'S THE
STORY, FELLOWS!..
I COULDN'T LET YOU
MEN DOWN, SO I
HAD TO LET VON
TEPP GET AWAY!

Don't miss the next exciting episode of Blackhawk in the December issue of **MILITARY COMICS**

The SNIPER

ANOTHER GRIM TALE OF THE SNIPER, SCOURGE OF THE GERMAN BLACK EAGLE, WHOSE UNERRING MARKSMANSHIP WON HIM A TITLE TO BE FEARED !!

PARIS-1942.

BUT, HERR STRASSER, I-I TELL YOU THERE IS NO MORE GOLD IN THE BANK OF PARIS! WE SENT ALL THE REST TO THE UNITED STATES BEFORE THE GERMAN OCCUPATION!

PIG! HOW DO YOU EXPECT DER REICH TO CONQUER DER WORLD WITHOUT DER GOLD TO FINANCE IT?

DER COFFERS UF BERLIN MUST BE FILLED WITH GOLD, UND I AM SENT HERE TO SEE THAT THEY ARE BUT IF YOUR BANK ISS EMPTY I HAF NO FURTHER USE FOR YOU!!

AGGH!

BANG

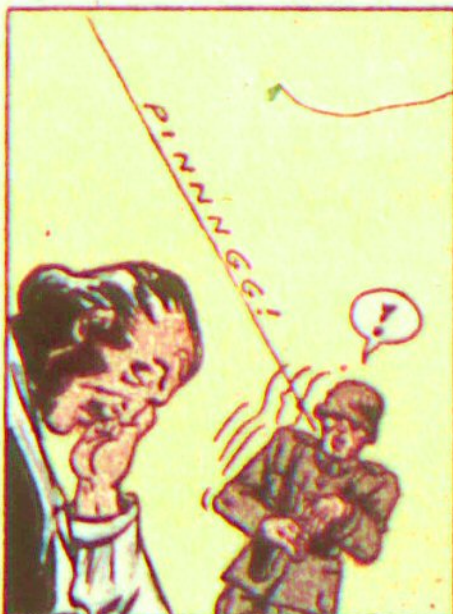
DRAG DER TRAITOR AWAY! AT LEAST I SAVED OUR COUNTRY DER EXPENSE OF A FIRING SQUAD!

JA, MEIN GENERAL, HA HA!

BAH! I MUST DIG UP MORE GOLD! DERE MUST BE MILLIONS HOARDED AWAY BY DER PEASANTS UF DER CONQUERED COUNTRIES-- ORDER DER SEARCH OF EVERY HOUSE!

AND SO BEGINS A NIGHT OF HORROR THROUGHOUT FRANCE AS MANFRED STRASSER PRESSES HIS SEARCH...

THE HOME OF EDOUARD MICHELL,
A POOR FARMER...







THE SNIPER SWINGS TO THE TOP OF THE LEDGE...








More of The Sniper in the next issue of MILITARY COMICS—on sale October 7th.

BLUE TRACER

AND THE NAZI ROCKET TANK

by FRED GUARDNEER



ACH! DER
BLUE TRACER-WE
ARE HEADING FOR
A SHOWDOWN!

THAT SUPER MODERN ENGINE OF WAR, THE BLUE TRACER, AND ITS DAREDEVIL PILOTS CAPTAIN BILL DUNN AND BOOMERANG JONES FIGHT FOR THE ALLIES AGAINST THE DEATH DEALING INVENTIONS OF THE AXIS.

FROM OUT OF THE NAZI LINES A NEW WAR MACHINE SMASHES AT THE RUSSIAN DEFENSES.



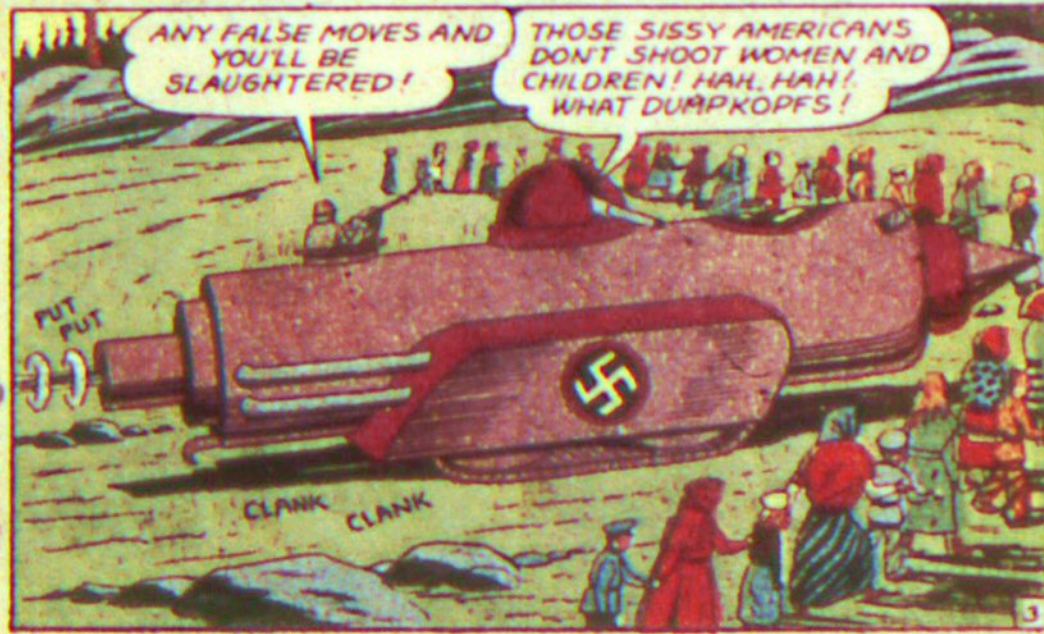
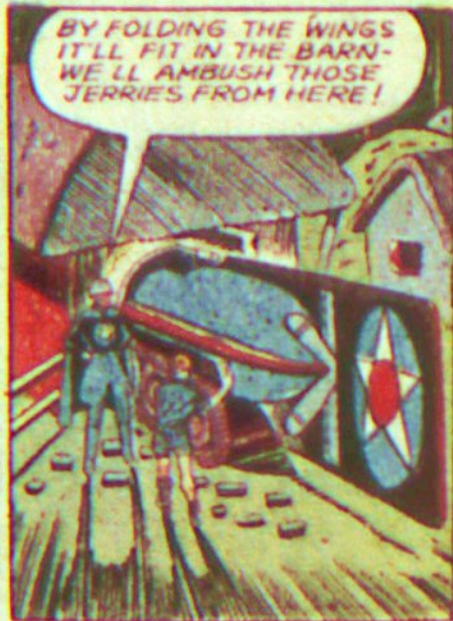
HIMMEL! DID
WE SMACK
THEM!

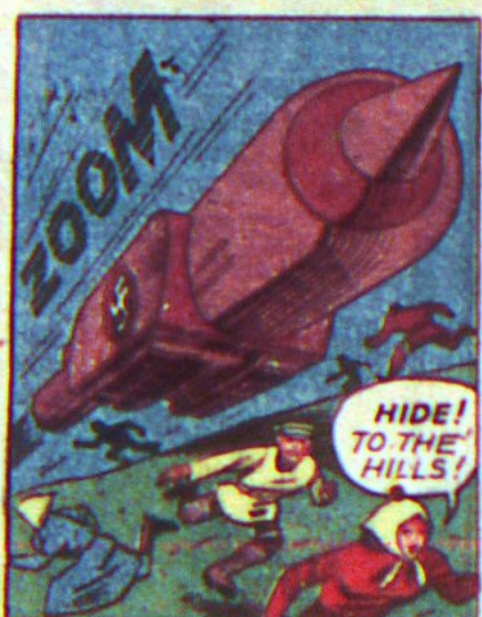
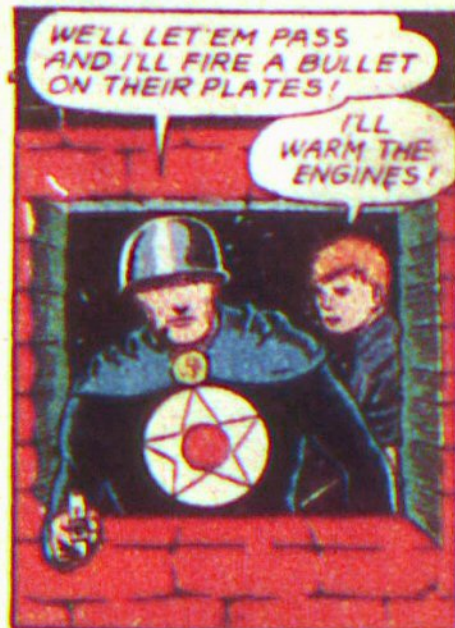


IT'S A ROCKET
TANK!

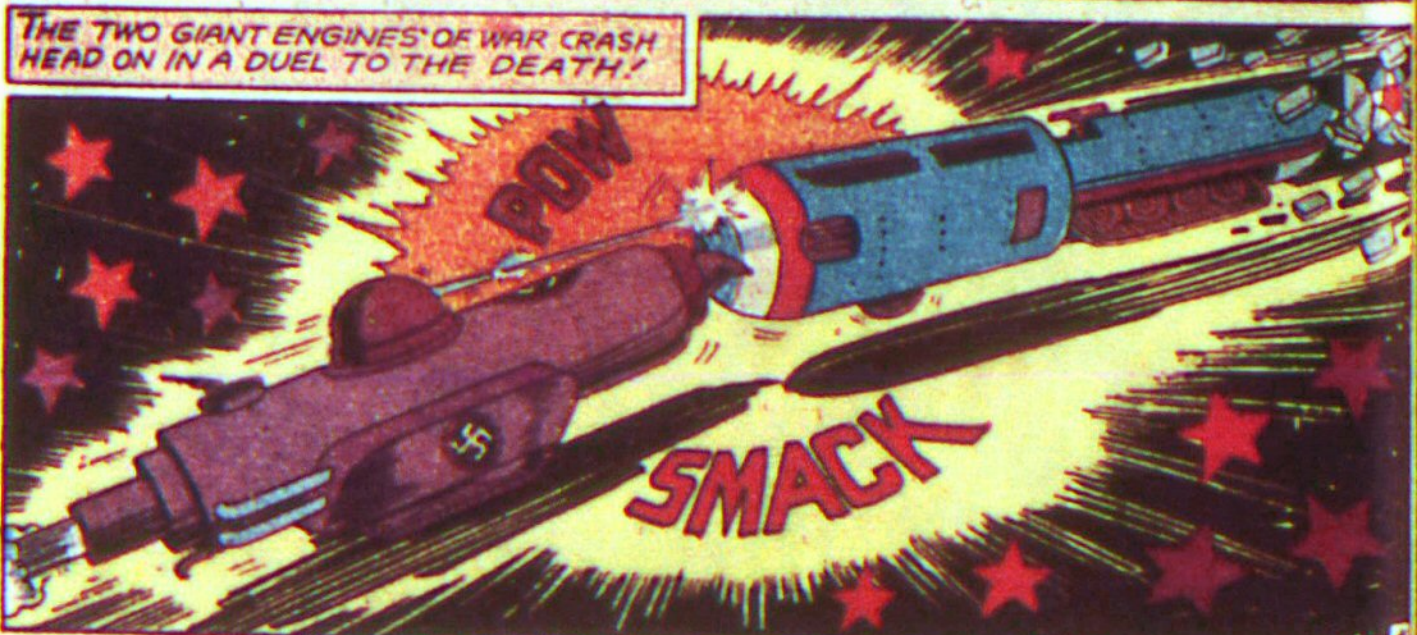
WE CAN'T STOP
IT-RUN TO THE
FOREST!



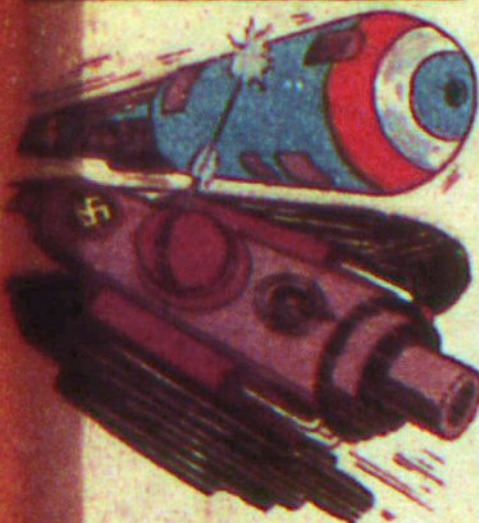




THE TWO GIANT ENGINES OF WAR CRASH
HEAD ON IN A DUEL TO THE DEATH!



BUILT TO WITHSTAND SHOCK
THE TWO MACHINES ARE UN-
DAMAGED BY THE CONCUSSION.



WE'RE OFF-BUT
WE'RE NOT
RUNNING AWAY!



THE BLUE TRACER IS SWOOP-
ING AFTER THAT TANK LIKE
A HAWK AFTER A
RABBIT!



WE HAVE A BETTER CHANCE
BY CATCHING UP TO IT
THAN DIVE-RAMMING
IT!

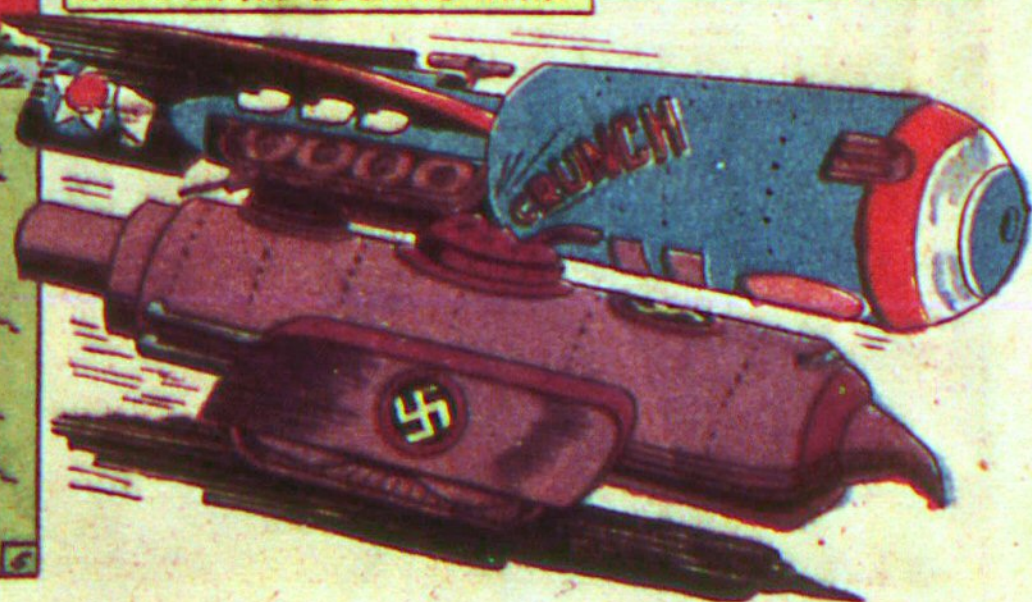
SURE
IS A
ROOTIN' TOOTIN'
TANK!

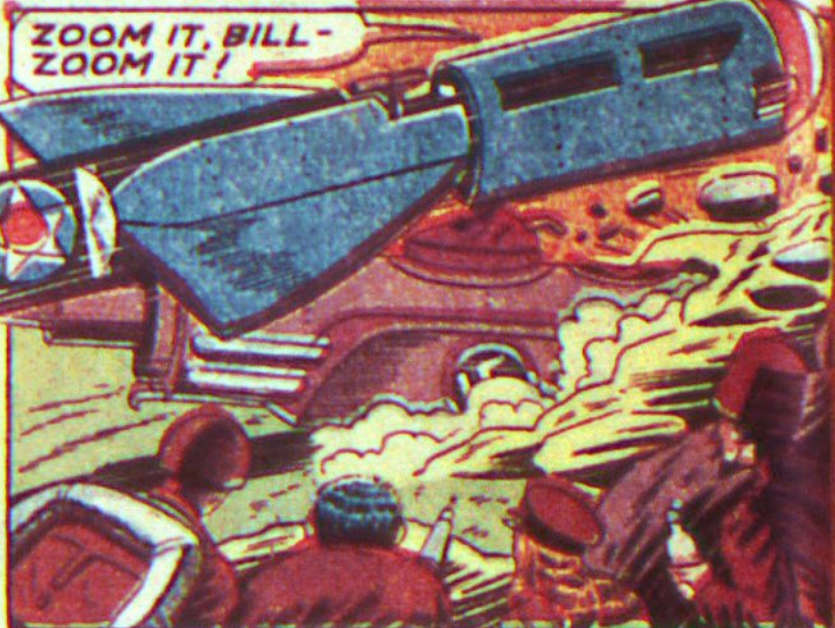


C-CANT ZIG-ZAG THOSE
AMERICANS OFF OUR
TAIL! WHAT'S THEIR
GAME?



AS THEY RACE TOWARD A HILL THE BLUE TRACER LITERALLY
LANDS ON THE ZOOMING TANK!





Follow The Blue Tracer in the December issue of **MILITARY COMICS**.

SHOT and SHELL



By
K. Nordling

THE MISADVENTURES OF THOSE TWO INTREPID GLOBE-TROTTERS, COL. SAM SHOT AND SLIM SHELL, FINALLY BRING THEM TO FAR-OFF INDIA.... IN A WHEEZING PLANE, SLAPPED TOGETHER FROM SPARE PARTS BY THE YOUNGER OF THE TWO, THEY CONFIDENTLY BELIEVE THEMSELVES FREE FROM TROUBLE AT LONG LAST...

DOWN IN THE INNER PROVINCES, THE SOCIETY OF THUGS CONVENES.....

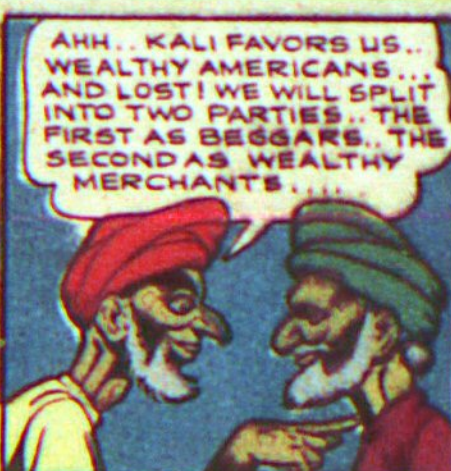
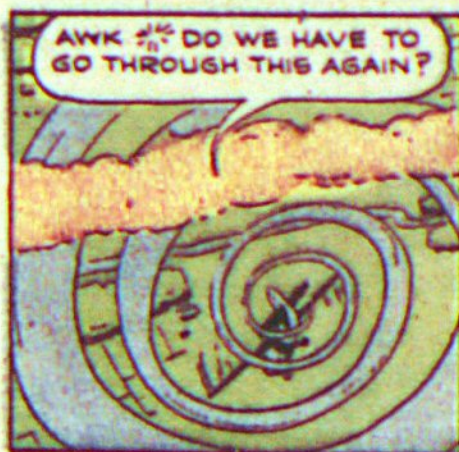
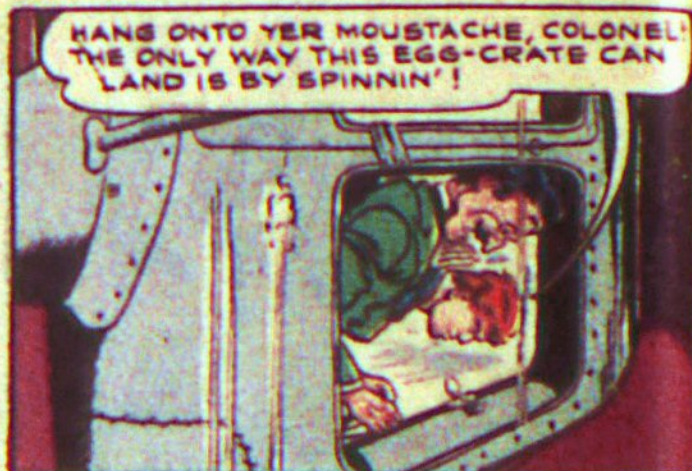
BROTHER THUGS.. FOR A GENERATION OUR SOCIETY HAS BEEN SUPPRESSED.. BUT NOW THAT THE AUTHORITIES ARE PREOCCUPIED WITH WAR, IT IS RIPE TO RESUME OUR PROFITABLE ACTIVITIES...

OUR FATHERS PRACTICED IT FOR CENTURIES.. AND NOW WE, THE NUCLEUS OF THE NEW RESURGENCE, WILL SCHOOL OUR SONS - AND THE SONS OF OUR SONS IN THE ADVANCEMENT OF THUGGEE!

REMEMBER THE LAW OF THE THUG ... EACH TO KILL AND ROB AT LEAST THREE TRAVELLERS A YEAR!

WE PAY HOMAGE TO OUR BLACK MOTHER, GODDESS OF KALI, QUEEN OF CHOLERA AND SMALLPOX... AND WE ASK FOR HER BLESSINGS ON OUR ASSIGNMENTS...









NAVY

The

STORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION AT SEA
Section 2

PHANTOM CLIPPER

by KING



A HARMLESS CLIPPER THEY CALLED HER — BUT UNDERNEATH HER DISGUISE LAY THE IRON AND STEEL OF A MIGHTY WARSHIP MANNED BY A DARING CREW AS FEROCIOUS AS THEIR SKIPPER'S NAME — **TIGER SHARK!**

IN THE COOK'S QUARTERS OF THE PHANTOM CLIPPER, JEWALDRI THE BELOVED "FAKER" RECEIVES HIS ORDERS.....



AFTER A BRIEF BUT ALMOST DISASTROUS STRUGGLE....

BY THE BEARD OF ALLAH, THIS SHOULD MAKE A DELICIOUS PIE!



SUDDENLY A NEWSCAST INTERRUPTS THE MEAL....



BLAST 'ER BLOOMIN' IDE. IT'S TIME SOMEONE PUT AN END TO THAT BLOODY PIRATE SCOW!





MILES OUT TIGER SIGHTS AND DIVES.....



IN A SPLIT SECOND, THE AIR ROCKS WITH SHELL EXPLOSIONS...



WOW! AND ME WITH ONLY A SCOUT PLANE! I'M GOING BACK AND GIVE THE LOCATION TO THE CLIPPER!



THE SPEEDY LITTLE PLANE
BOARDS BACK TO THE CLIPPER.



RAIDER TO
STARBOARD,
CAP!

AYE
AYE!
FULL
SPEED AHEAD
AND MAN
THE GUNS!



YOUR DING
BUSTED FOOL
RADIO BROADCAST
SURE BROUGHT
THE PIRATES ON
A TREASURE
HUNT!

IT'S AN EVEN
MATCH, CAP. OUR
EIGHT INCHERS
ARE AS GOOD
AS THE TEN INCH
GUNS THEY
CARRY!



LATER! THE RAIDER SPOTS
THE CLIPPER.

JA VOL, DERE
SHE ISS! A
PUNY LITTLE SHIP
MIT A FORTUNE
IN GOLD.

I'LL GEF HER
A SHOT FROM
A SMALL GUN
DOT VILL TAKE
DER VIND OUT
OF HER SAILS!



DANG BUST
IT THEY'VE STARTED
— FIRE AWAY,
MEN!



ACH HIMMEL,
HERR COMMANDER,
IT'S DER PHANTOM
CLIPPER!

UND I HAF
CHUST DER
ANSWER FOR
DOT DEVIL MIT SAILS!
DER SIXTEEN
INCH GUNS!



INSTANTLY THE
NAZI GIANTS OF
DESTRUCTION HURL
THEIR DEADLY
MISSILES....



SIXTEEN INCH
GUNS, CAP—
WE'LL NEVER
GET CLOSE ENOUGH
TO HIT 'EM. BUT
I'VE GOT AN
IDEA—

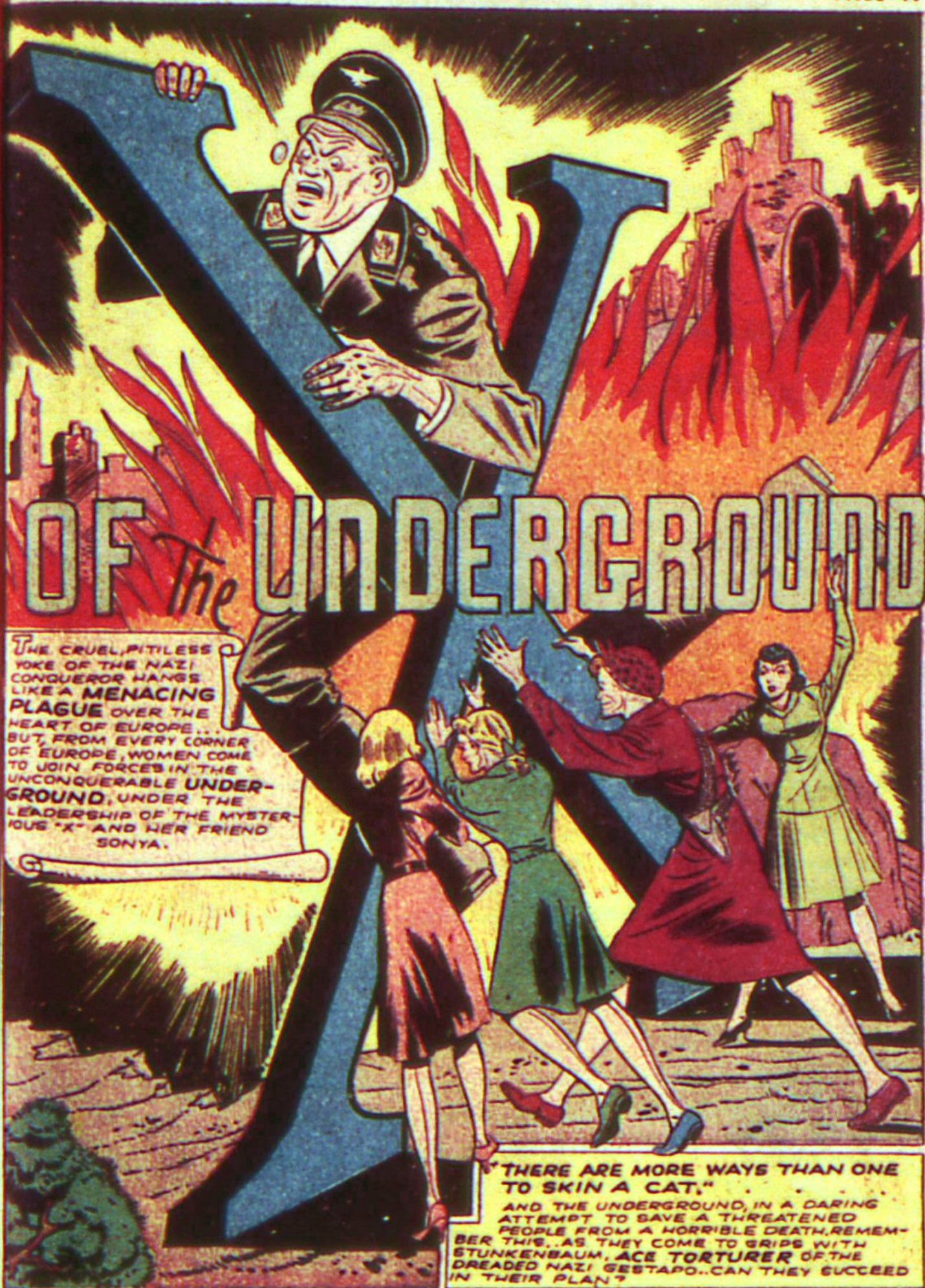












OF *The* UNDERGROUND

THE CRUEL, PITILESS YOKE OF THE NAZI CONQUEROR HANGS LIKE A MENACING PLAGUE OVER THE HEART OF EUROPE... BUT, FROM EVERY CORNER OF EUROPE, WOMEN COME TO JOIN FORCES IN THE UNCONQUERABLE UNDERGROUND, UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF THE MYSTERIOUS "X" AND HER FRIEND SONYA.

"THERE ARE MORE WAYS THAN ONE TO SKIN A CAT."

AND THE UNDERGROUND, IN A DARING ATTEMPT TO SAVE A THREATENED PEOPLE FROM A HORRIBLE DEATH, REMEMBER THIS... AS THEY COME TO GRIPS WITH STUNKENBAUM, ACE TORTURER OF THE DREADED NAZI GESTAPO... CAN THEY SUCCEED IN THEIR PLAN?



NEXT MORNING, IN A FRENCH HOSPITAL FOR NAZI OFFICERS, SONYA MASQUERADES AS A NURSE.

REST NOW, HERR LIEUTENANT! THAT IS FINE, FINE!

SOON YOU WILL BE MOST TALKATIVE... TELL SONYA EVERYTHING, YES?



THIS WILL NOT HURT MUCH, MEIN HERR! GO!



IN A FEW MINUTES, BLUB, GUG... RIGHT FLANK MARCH...

GOOD! IT WORKS!



NOW, TELL ME, DO YOU KNOW HERR STUNKENBAUM?

STUKEY? HIM UND ME... WE ARE LIKE DOT! YOU KNOW VAT HE DOES TO FRENCH SHVINE SOON? FIRST HE VILL CUT OFF THEIR LEGS... DEN...



AFTER SONYA HAS HEARD HER FILL OF NAZI HORROR...

I MUST FIND X AT ONCE!



CAUTIOUSLY, SONYA ENTERS THE OFFICE WHERE X IS POSING AS A DOCTOR.

IT IS WORSE THAN WE THOUGHT! STUNKENBAUM IS A DEVIL! HE PLANS TO DESTROY THE FRENCH PEOPLE!

JUST AS I THOUGHT! IT IS TIME TO PUT OUR PLAN TO WORK!



CAPTAIN STUNKENBAUM! I AM DOCTOR LATROUX. I HAVE COME TO WARN YOU! THERE EES A RUMOR THAT AN ATTEMPT IS BEING MADE TO POISON YOU!

PFUI! DESE GULLIBLE WOMEN DOCTORS!



JUST THEN, A NURSE APPEARS WITH THE CAPTAIN'S COFFEE.

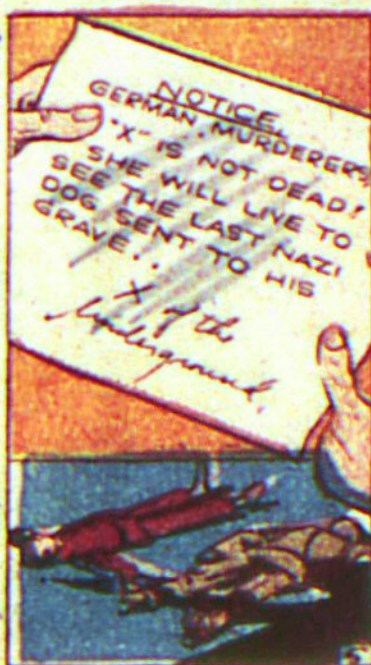
TO PROVE THAT YOU ARE IN REAL DANGER... I WEEL FEED ZIS COFFEE TO YOUR CAT HERE!



SUDDENLY, THE ANIMAL KEEPS OVER, DEAD!







INFERIOR MAN





FOLLOW THE MOON

JIM MORRELL was cold-blooded about the whole thing. He wasted no time. He simply put the muzzle of the .45 against old Macey's temple and pulled the trigger. The roar shook the cabin and dust fell from the ceiling. A startled lizard scampered across the floor and darted out through a chink in the logs.

Jim Morrell's face mirrored his viciousness. He spat and drew a hand across his thin lips. "Guess that'll fix you, you old goat! I been waiting a long time to do this. Now it's done, and nobody's gonna be the wiser. You killed yourself. You hear me, Dan Macey, you killed yourself!"

Jim wiped the fingerprints from the old weapon. Then he placed it in the still-warm right hand of the dead man.

The last thing Jim saw as he went out the cabin door was the dark blue hole in Macey's temple, and the thin trickle of blood just starting to ooze out. Then he was gone, leaving the house of death to the silence of the desert.

As Jim mounted and rode off, he thought to himself. This is a cinch. Nothing back there that'll tag me with this job. . . . Old Macey had it coming to him!

The feud between Macey and Morrell went back over a period of many years. About 1919, both men had been in the real estate business in the East. But Morrell's greediness got the best of him and the inevitable split came. Then it was discovered that many of Morrell's deals had been on the shady side, and his half of the firm went to clear off his indebtedness—he was in the red more than a hundred thousand dollars. The men went their separate ways, Morrell hating Macey and blaming him for his own downfall.

Dan Macey's health had been failing, so he went West. The

years went by. Macey forgot Jim Morrell. But Morrell never forgot Macey.

It was early in 1941 that the two men met for the first time in many years. It happened on the porch of the little general store in Elko, where Macey went twice a year to purchase supplies. Dan's desert-squinted eyes lit up when he saw his old former partner.

"Jim!" he cried. "It can't be you!"

"Hi, Dan." Jim shook Dan's hand listlessly. "How you doin'?"

"Can't complain," replied Dan. "Say, come on out to my place; we got a lot of things to talk about. . . . got a little surprise to show you."

Jim rode on one of Dan's pack horses. As they cantered across the desert, Dan told Jim about striking a fairly rich gold mine a few years before.

"In the dough, huh?" said Jim casually.

"Doing all right for an old codger," Dan said grinning.

Macey lived frugally and his cabin, while clean and neat, was small. They put the horses in the corral and went inside. "Set yourself, Jimmy," cried Macey, "and I'll brew up a pot of the blackest coffee you ever saw."

Jim asked Macey a lot of questions about his life on the desert, but especially he was interested in the mine. "We'll ride out there tomorrow morning," Dan told him.

The mine was mediocre, but according to Dan it produced over ten thousand dollars a year. Yes, Dan had a neat little nest egg, all right!

Long before they got back to the cabin that evening, Jim Morrell had a plan formed in his crafty brain. He had learned that Dan didn't keep his gold in the town bank. He had it buried under a clump of mimosa trees back of the corral. . . .

It was the dark hour before dawn. Old Dan Macey lay in his bunk, snoring peacefully, the gray stubble on his face looking silvery in the wan light. Jim

Morrell got out of his bunk across the room noiselessly and tip-toed to the wall where Dan's old .45 hung on a peg.

It was over quickly. And it only took Jim fifteen minutes to dig up Dan's treasure—five heavy bags of gold dust and nuggets.

"Yes," Jim repeated to the dawn silence, "old Macey had it coming to him!"

Ned Sharp found the town of Elko interesting, after long years spent in the great cities of the world. Old Sheriff "Hornspoon" Higgins welcomed him like a long-lost son.

"Wal, I'll swan!" cried the old officer. "If it ain't young Sharp as big as life. Boy, I knew your pappy afore you was ever thought of!"

"Hi, Hornspoon!" shouted Ned. "I often heard Dad speak of you and how you both used to ride the Texas border."

"Them was the days, all right," said Higgins with a nostalgic note. "An' they didn't come no better than Hank Sharp, either. Fastest man on the draw south of the Territory, he was! What brings you to Elko, lad?"

Ned told him that he was looking for Dan Macey, formerly of Philadelphia. A brother of Dan's had turned up from England a few weeks before, and he wanted to find his younger brother.

"Wal, you sure come to the right place, Ned," the sheriff said. "Old Dan lives out in the desert 'bout ten miles from here. Fine chap, Dan Macey."

"That's what I hear," Ned said. "Well, I'm glad to learn he's not dead; seems his people haven't heard anything from him since he came west. . . . How about riding out to his place in the morning, Hornspoon?"

So it was decided.

Jim Morrell wasn't what might be called a desert man. He had ridden straight east, keeping off the main trails, and skirting the town of Elko. No use in letting anyone see him.

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though he felt that his alibi (if he needed one) was water-tight.

He had ridden all that day, and when the sun was going down he figured that he had put at least forty miles between himself and Dan's cabin. The desert had flattened out and the sparse vegetation was thinning. Far off to his right a tumbled range of mountains rose, forbidding and snow-capped. He urged his tired horse along with muttered profanity.

At eight o'clock he dismounted, not caring that his horse had no water or food. He discovered with a start that his own water supply was alarmingly low. Why hadn't he thought to fill old Dan's canteen? He had taken a chunk of dried beef from Dan's kitchen, and a few cans of broth.

He built a small fire from scraps of greasewood and heated a half pint of water for tea, placing a can of broth directly in the flames.

It grew dark quickly in the purified air of the desert. And with darkness a biting cold wind came down from the north. Jim shivered. Then he leaped when the mournful cry of a coyote quivered on the night. But Jim thought it was a wolf and he drew his automatic from his pocket.

The can of broth burst, hurling the contents in all directions. A blob of it hit Jim in the face and he cursed with the pain of the burn. He took so much time getting the hot soup off his face that the water boiled away. And Jim cursed again, kicking the empty pan into a mess of bent tin.

The moon came up in the east. Jim drank a little of his precious water, and felt the gnawings of hunger. What was the use sitting here waiting for the blasted sun to come and scorch him? He got up stiffly. He hadn't bothered to remove the saddle from his horse. The poor animal stood with head down, tongue hanging from its mouth. Jim climbed into the saddle and hit the horse a blow.

"Get along!" he snarled. He headed east again, watching the moon get bigger and bigger. Or at least he thought it got bigger as he strode toward it. Gradually it drew farther upward, until it was directly overhead. He looked at his watch. But it had stopped. Jim hurled it off into the desert. Hunger tortured him and his mouth felt like a piece of wool. His throat was parched. Then his horse stopped with a low

groan. Jim kicked it in the ribs. It fell down on its front legs, tossing Jim out of the saddle. When he had gathered himself up, he saw that the horse was done for. It lay twitching and groaning.

Jim left it there and struggled on. His head swam and he wondered where the moon had gone. He half turned and saw it above him. It was going from him. That must not happen. He had to follow the moon. He shook a fist at it and laughed suddenly.

"No you don't," he chortled. "I'm staying with you."

Ned Sharp and Sheriff Higgins were examining the body of old Dan Macey. "Can't think old Dan would kill himself," said Higgins. "Ain't like him a-tall."

"He didn't kill himself," Ned said. "Look, Hornspoon." He pointed to the corpse. Then he explained his find to the sheriff.

"Wal, I swan!" cried old Higgins. "O' course, he didn't kill himself. Some one kilt him; shot him while he was asleep! Say!" he slapped his leg suddenly. "I know who it was. They was a guy met him tother evenin' at the store. They acted like they was powerful good friends. Then they rode off together."

"Come on," said Ned. "He can't be so many miles away yet. We will trail him."

As they rode past the clump of mimosa trees back of the corral, Ned spied the freshly dug hole.

Higgins nodded. "Probly had his gold buried there. The murderer stole it. . . . Let's git goin'! This trail is easy to follow."

"Jim Morrell," out of his mind now from thirst, staggered on under the burning sun. He had gone back to the dead horse and removed the heavy saddle bags. He had them slung over shoulders. He muttered to himself: "Follow the moon. That's the stuff—follow the moon!"

He fell, his face striking into the powdery dust. Slowly he got to his knees. The saddle bags were too heavy. He fought to get the strap from about his neck. But the bags had become twisted across his chest. The strap cut into the parched skin of his neck. A red haze blinded him. He tried to mutter, but his tongue was too swollen. And he couldn't get the strap from around his neck. It was choking him . . . choking him . . .

"Look—off there a ways," Ned pointed, and Sheriff Higgins squinted in the direction indicated.

"Yep. That's him."

Jim Morrell was dead when they found him. The saddle bags held him down and the straps had become a hangman's noose.

"Strap choked him to death," said Higgins. "Ain't that what you call retribution, son? He stole old Dan's gold and the gold ups and kills him. Hmmm!"

"Too bad," said Ned Sharp. "If he hadn't made that one blunder, we might have buried him thinking he was only a thief . . . Let's get busy, Hornspoon."

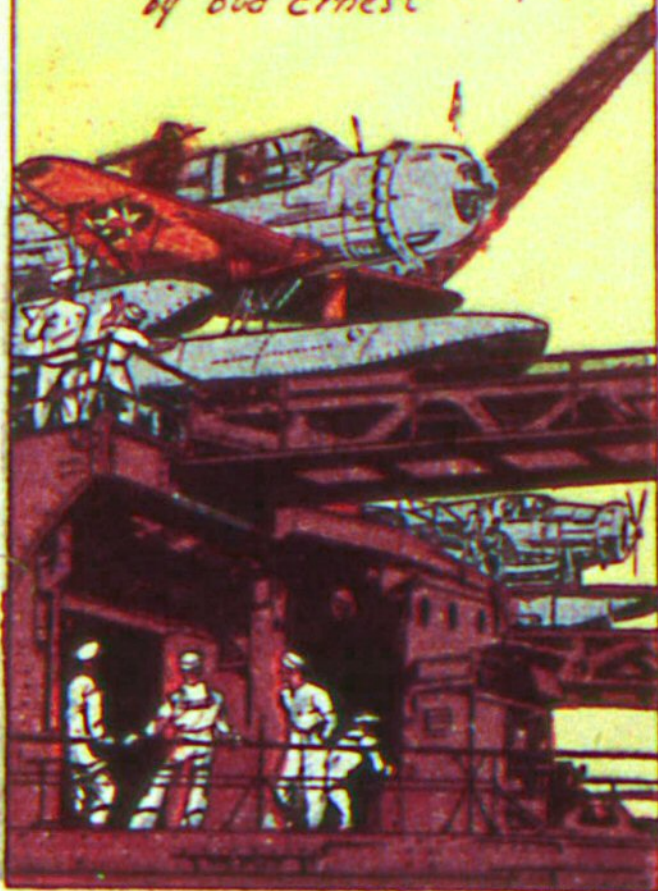
Hours later, Sheriff Higgins laboriously made out the report in his little office: "Dan Macey shot in left temple by Jim Morrell, now deceased."

More of **PLASTIC MAN**
MOST UNUSUAL COMIC
MAGAZINE CHARACTER
IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE OF
POLICE
COMICS
ON SALE SEPTEMBER 9TH

LOOPS 'N' BANKS

OF THE U.S. MARINES

by Bud Ernest



THAT POMPOUS BUM!
SENDING US TO ALASKA!!
I COULD BREAK HIS
NECK!

YEAH!! ME TOO!! THERE
HE IS NOW!! LISTEN! HE'S
YELLING SOMETHING.



LOOPS! LISTEN! I'VE GOT
AN IDEA TO FIX THIS LUG!!
GET READY TO TAKE OFF!!
WHATE. I CAN'T HEAR
YOU, LIEUTENANT!!

HUH?!! I CAN'T HEAR A
WORD!! OKAY, LOOPS,
...GET SET!!



THERE'S THE GO AHEAD
SIGNAL, STAN! SHOOT
'EM OFF!

OKAY!...
HERE GOES!!



I SAID I HOPE YOU BOYS
HAVE A NICE FLIGHT TO...
EEEEOOOWWW!!



OOPS!! SO SORRY
OLD MAN!!
TA! TA!!



THAT FIXES THAT FUSE-
BUDGET!!! WELL...WE'RE
YOU AIN'T KIDDIN'!
WE HAVE TO BE OFF
TO GO TO ALASKA
IN THE WINTER!



MANY HOURS
LATER THE
MARINES
APPROACH
THE ALEUTIAN
ISLANDS



OH/OH! DON'T LOOK
NOW, FATSO, BUT WE
ARE RUNNING
INTO A BIT
OF SOUP!



WOW! I'LL SAY... THIS FOG IS...
HEY!! LAMEBRAIN!! DOWN
THERE!! THAT'S A JAP
TASK FORCE!!



OH BOY!! NOW
I CAN HAVE
SOME
FUN!!



PUT THAT GUN
AWAY, YOU DOPE,
AND RADIO FOR
HELP!

AWW... YOU OY CRAB!! ALWAYS
THINKIN' OF REGULATIONS!
--I NEVER CAN HAVE
ANY FUN!!!



YOU'RE ALWAYS... AWK!!!...
LOOPS!! LOOK!! BIRDS...
THOUSANDS OF 'EM!! HIT
THE BLUE! QUICK!



I'LL TRY, BUT... LOOP!!!
TOO LATE!!!



GET AWAY!! GET!! PHLUUTT!!
PHOOEY!!! SCRAM!!! HOLY
SMOKE!!! THEY'VE
SMASHED THE RADIO
AND COMPASS!!



I'D BETTER GET 'ER DOWN...
THERE'S AN ISLAND... I THINK
THAT'S ATTU! HANG ON!



MEANWHILE ON THE ISLAND...

HON GENERAL! COMES YANK PLANE!! WHAT DO?
DESTROY PLANE WHEN BACKS ARE TURNED



YOU SAY NOTHING!!! I HIDE BEHIND CURTAIN... FIND OUT WHY COME FLIER! SAVVYE
UGH!



HEY, BANKS!... IT'S OLD CHIEF GOURPUS!! HI, CHIEF! WHAT'S COOKIN'!!
UGH!!



BOY!! WE HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN A DOG'S HIDE, WHA...??



IS THAT SOFF SAAY!! WHERE'D YOU GET THESE SWELL NEW SNOW SHOES!!!



YESSIR!! THEY'VE GOT JUST THE RIGHT WEIGHT... TO SLUG JAPS!!



WELL, WHADDYA KNOW, CHIEF? YOU'VE GOT TERMITES!!



NICE GOIN', CHIEF! YOUR TIP OFF WAS SWELL!
OH! OH! HERE'S A MAP!
UGH!!



IT'S AN INVASION MAP OF SOME KIND... SEE?.. HERE ARE SOME FORCES... AND THESE ARE SHIPS... BUT I CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT!! SAY, CHIEF, DO YOU KNOW WHAT'S COOKIN'?



TO BE CERTAIN, OLD BOY... THE MAP MEANS THAT THE NIPPONESE HAVE EXECUTED AN ELABORATE TRAP TO ANNIHILATE YOUR ARMY!! THEY HAVE TEN THOUSAND TROOPS IN AMBUSH, READY TO DECOY YOUR MEN INTO THE FIR FORESTS!



.. AND THEN THE TASK FORCE WE SAW OVER THE HORIZON, WOULD STEAM IN AND ATTACK EXACTLY FROM THE REAR!! YOUR TROOPS WOULDN'T HAVE A CHANCE! DEVILISHLY CLEVER, WHAT?, UGH!



BOY!! WE'D BETTER WARN OUR... ULP!!!... OUR PLANE!! THEY'VE FIRED IT!!



YOU DIRTY LITTLE WORMS!! ...I'LL TEACH YOU!!



BUT VERY GOOD, GARGANTUA!! BUT COME ON!!! WE'VE GOT TO HOOF IT THROUGH THE JAP LINES TO THE COAST AND WARN OUR BOYS WHEN THEY LAND! G'LONG, CHIEF!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

WE'VE GOT TO GET THROUGH THOSE WOODS!.. DUCK!!



WHAT THE DING-DING'S THE IDEA OF MAKING ME CRAWL IN THE SNOW, DOPEY?



QUIET, LUG!!! WE WON'T BE SEEN SO EASILY THIS WAY!!



YOU MEAN THERE'S JAPS AWAY OUT HE... ULP!! OH!!! OH!!





EEEE!!...ULP!!! COME ON,
FEET!! MAKE WITH THE
SPEED!! ULP!!



GANGWAY!! MY! MY!... WHAT
AWFUL WEATHER!! SUCH LEADEN
SKIES!! OWWWITCH!!



WHOOEE!! THAT WAS CLOSE!!...
HEY!!...LOOK!!... THE YANKS!!...
MARINES AT THAT!! IN THEIR
AMPHIBIOUS TANKS!!



WHOA, MAJOR!! HOLD IT!!
THERE'S THOUSANDS OF JAPS IN
THOSE WOODS AND A JAP TASK
FORCE OVER THE HORIZON!!
YOU'D BETTER RADIO FOR
HELP!!



HELLO... HE... WHAT? YES!!...
OVER THE HORIZON TO THE SOUTH
...YES!!... AND STEP ON IT!!...
RIGHT!!... WE'LL WAIT HERE!!



SOMETIME LATER...

LOOK!! THERE THEY GO!! WHOA
YOU CAN KISS THE JAP FLEET
BYE! BYE!! NOW!



WOW!! LOOK AT THAT!! WHEE!
ARE THEY DOING A JOB ON
THOSE YELLOW...

HEY!!
LOOK!! LOOK!!



THEY'VE SEEN OUR RE-
ENFORCEMENTS COMING
AND THEY'VE GIVEN UP!!
HAN!! BOY!! WHAT
BRAVE GUYS!!



A WEEK LATER...

AND FOR THEIR
BRAVERY ABOVE
AND BEYOND THE
LINE OF DUTY I
PROUDLY PRESENT
TO....



LIEUTENANT BANKS
AND CAPTAIN LOOPS
THE NAVY'S HIGHEST
AWARD!!... THE
MEDAL OF HONOR!!





This is an actual story based upon inside facts gathered from U.S.N. Information Bureaus

U.S. FLIERS CRUSH JAP FLEET

A Japanese invasion attempt directed at the Hawaiian Islands was completely disrupted when Marine and Navy fliers blasted nine Jap warships and one transport to the bottom of the Pacific, just off Midway Island.

On the morning of June 4, American pilots chalked up an amazing victory over the Jap fleet. One pilot even going so far as to crash his torpedo-loaded plane into the side of the giant Jap plane carrier, the Kaga!

The losses sustained by the Japs at Midway not only avenged Pearl Harbor, but showed that American pilots can be rated as the best in the world!



ABOARD A U.S. CARRIER OFF
MIDWAY ISLAND...

ATTENTION, ALL PILOTS! REPORT
TO OPERATIONS... AT ONCE !!



THAT'S US, BEN!
LET'S GO !!

RIGHT BEHIND
YOU, PETE



GENTLEMEN, A STRONG FORCE
OF JAP WARSHIPS HAS BEEN
SPOTTED HEADING FOR MID-
WAY...!! HERE ARE YOUR
ORDERS...



YOU'RE FLYING ONE OF
THOSE NEW GRUMMAN
AVENGER TORPEDO BOMBERS,
AREN'T YOU, BEN?

YEP AND WE'LL
NEED PLENTY OF
PROTECTION FROM
YOU BOYS IN THE
FIGHTERS, PETE...
DON'T FORGET US!



SHE'S ALL SET, LIEUTENANT
TAYLOR... PLANT THAT TIN
FISH WHERE THE JAPS WILL
FEEL IT...



TORPEDO PLANES...!!
NO. 1... TAKE OFF!

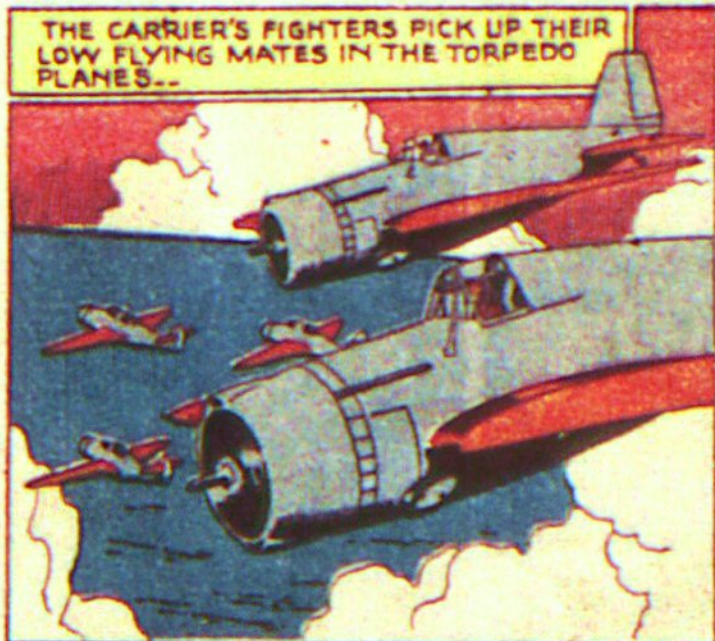


LIEUT. BEN TAYLOR TAXIS HIS GRUMMAN AVENGER
INTO POSITION... AND RECEIVES THE TAKE OFF SIGNAL...

THE PLANE ROARS OFF THE
CARRIER'S DECK... AND CLIMBS
UP OVER THE BROAD PACIFIC...



THE CARRIER'S FIGHTERS PICK UP THEIR LOW FLYING MATES IN THE TORPEDO PLANES--



PETE BURNS ONE OF THE FIGHTER PILOTS, SCANS THE OCEAN

THE MARINE PLANES ON MIDWAY CLAIM THEY'VE MET THE JAP FLEET, BUT I DON'T SEE THEM.

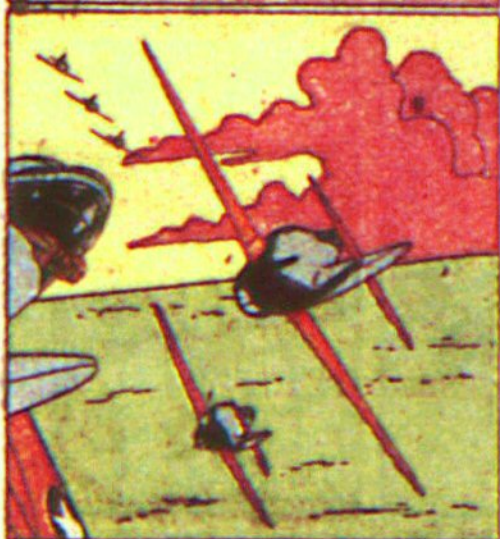


OH, OH! A REPORT FROM THE SHIP--

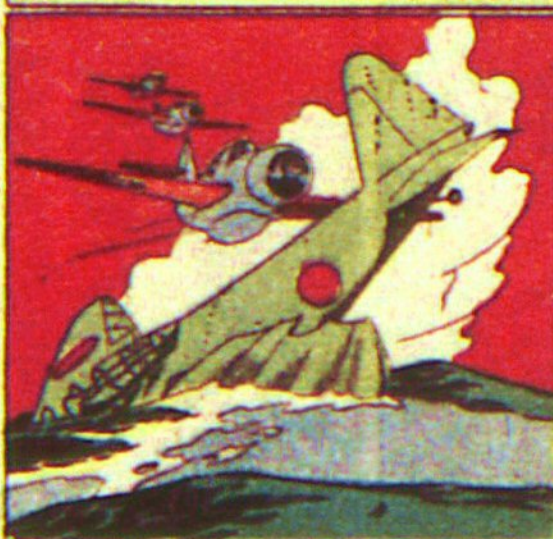
ATTENTION, ALL PLANES-- SQUADRON 8'S TORPEDO PLANES HAVE LOCATED MAIN ENEMY FLEET DUE NORTHWEST. PROCEED TO THE ATTACK AT ALL COSTS.



THE FLIGHTS WHEEL ABOUT AND HEAD FOR THE NEW LOCATION... AND BATTLE !!



THEY SOON SIGHT THE FIRST EVIDENCES OF THE GREAT BATTLE... A CRASHED JAP ZERO FIGHTER ...!



OH, GOSH! THERE'S ONE OF SQUADRON 8'S TORPEDO PLANES TOO... AND SMOKE AHEAD!



LIEUT. BEN TAYLOR IS THE FIRST MAN TO SIGHT JAP SHIPS, A CRUISER AND DESTROYER!!



JAP SHIPS TO PORT! LOOKS LIKE THE CRUISER IS FINISHED!

SQUADRON FORM FOR ATTACK!!... JAP PLANE CARRIER BELOW...!! GOOD LUCK!!



APPROACHING THE JAP CARRIER KAGA, TAYLOR AND HIS FELLOW FLYERS FIND THEMSELVES ROARING INTO A HOLOCAUST OF GUN-FIRE.

LOOKS LIKE I'M THE SECOND TARGET IN LINE! COMMANDER JONES' PLANE IS THE ONLY ONE AHEAD OF ME



...BUT THE COMMANDER'S GRUMMAN RUNS INTO A HAIL OF TRACERS AND INSTANTLY BECOMES A HURTLING BALL OF FLAME !!



THOSE JAPS WILL PAY FOR THAT----



THE FULL FURY OF THE JAP GUNS IS SWITCHED TO BEN TAYLOR'S ONCOMING PLANE



LIEUTENANT!...THEY'VE SHOT AWAY THE TORPEDO RELEASE!...WE...AH-H-H



HIS GUNNER KILLED THE PLANE A WRECK, AND BADLY WOUNDED HIMSELF, TAYLOR DRIVES IN--!!



THERE'S ALWAYS ONE WAY...TO...FINISH THAT CARRIER...IF WE CAN'T RELEASE THE TORPEDO



KEEP...NOSE UP...!! GOTTA...GET 'ER DEAD CENTER!!...HERE...GOES...

TAYLOR RAMS HIS TORPEDO-CARRYING PLANE INTO THE KAGA AMIDSHIPS...!!



HIGH ABOVE, LIEUT. PETE BURNS WITNESSES THE HEROIC DEATH OF HIS COMRADE... AND THE EVENUAL SINKING OF THE KAGA



TORPEDO PLANES AND DIVE BOMBERS ATTACKING CARRIER AKAGI ARE BEING ATTACKED BY THE HIRYU'S ZERO FIGHTERS... NEED PROTECTION



B' FIGHTER SQUADRON REFORM FORMATION... WE'RE GOING AFTER THOSE ZERO'S!!

AS THE FLIGHT SLANTS AWAY, A BURNING JAP PLANE PLUNGES PAST... VICTIM OF ANOTHER SCRAMBLES HIGHER UP...



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, 'B' SQUADRON'S FIGHTERS LOCATE THE BATTLE...

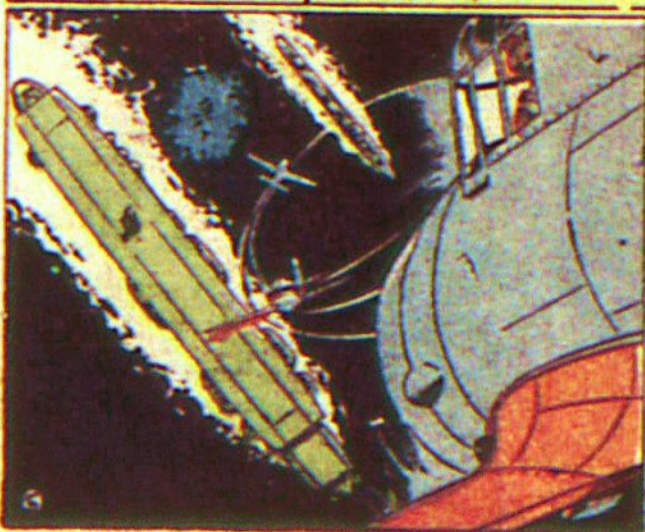


ZERO'S AT 5,000... BREAK 'EM UP!!

TAKE IT, JAP!... THIS ONE IS FOR BEN TAYLOR!



WITH THE FIGHTERS KEEPING THE ZEROS BUSY, U.S. NAVY DIVE BOMBERS AND TORPEDO PLANES TURN THEIR FULL ATTENTION TO THE CARRIER, AKAGI...



HERE'S WHERE I PITCH A STRIKE, FAST AND ON THE INSIDE...!!



THE JAP CARRIER REELS UNDER THE FURIOUS DIVE BOMBING.....



HARD STARBOARD!
--THEY DIVING
DOWN AGAIN--!!

RUDDER SMASHED,
MY CAPTAIN--!!
AIE-E-E-E!! THEY
COME!!

THE NEXT ATTACK
LEAVES THE AKAGI
A BLAZING SHAMBLES
DOOMED TO BE
SUNK LATER BY HER
OWN SISTER SHIPS

THEIR PRESENT JOB FINISH-
ED, THE FIGHTERS RETURN
TO THEIR CARRIER----

WE HAVE JUST
ABOUT ENOUGH
GAS LEFT TO REACH
THE YORKTOWN!

THERE SHE IS-----!!
B-SQUADRON FORM
FOR LANDING--!!

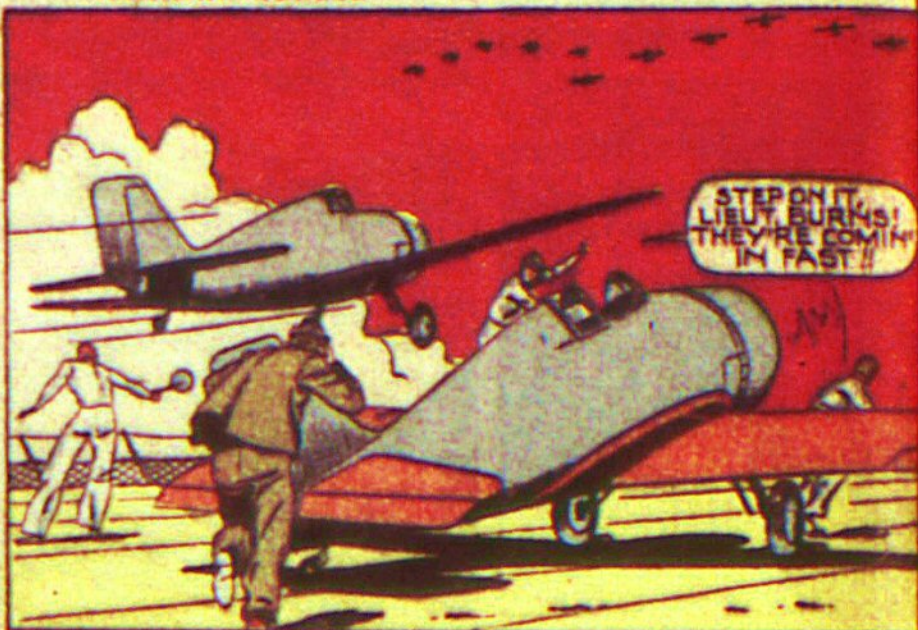
I'LL BET I ONLY HAVE
ABOUT A PINT OF GAS
LEFT

YOU'LL HAVE TO
TAKE OFF AFTER
RE-FUELING, SIR!
WE'RE EXPECTING
AN ATTACK----

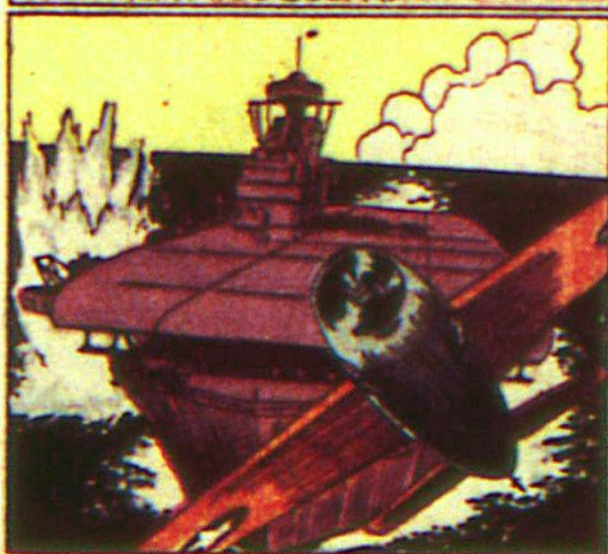
WE KNOW THE
JAP CARRIER
HIRYU'S PLANES
ARE LOOKING
FOR US, PETE--
HOW'RE WE
DOIN'?

GOT THE
AKAGI AND
KAGA--LOST
TWO OF MY
PLANES--BEN
RAMMED THE
KAGA!

JAP PLANES APPROACHING
AT 5,000 FT...ALL PLANES
ON FLIGHT DECK TAKE OFF...
AT ONCE....!!



ALL THE PLANES GET OFF, AND NOT
A MOMENT TOO SOON !!



B SQUADRON...ENGAGE
THE BOMBERS...BREAK UP
THEIR BOMBING RUNS !!



ALL PILOTS...KEEP
"AMERICAN PLANES
"WAY FROM BOMBERS
...ATTACK...!!



PETE BURNS AND HIS MEN DRIVE IN...
SCATTERING THE FIRST WAVE OF JAP
BOMBERS DESPITE THEIR PROTECTION
BY THE ZEROS....



ONE
MORE
FOR
BEN!



FIFTEEN JAP TORPEDO PLANES
GET THROUGH TO THE YORKTOWN,
BUT THE FIGHTERS GET SEVEN OF
THEM BEFORE THE LAUNCHING
OF THEIR TORPEDOES...



...AND THE CARRIER'S GUNS
GET ALL THE REMAINING JAPS !!



THEY'VE HIT THE YORK-
TOWN... SHE'S LISTING
BADLY... WE'LL HAVE TO
LAND ON OUR ALTERNATE
CARRIER...



BUT THE YORKTOWN'S BOMBERS AND
TORPEDO PLANES AREN'T INACTIVE... !!
THE JAP PILOTS WHO SURVIVE THE
ATTACK ON THE YORKTOWN SOON
DISCOVER THEIR SAD FLIGHT...



OH!... WHAT I SEE... OUR
CARRIER IS BURNING !!

THE HIRYU IS LOST...
WE HAVE NO PLACE TO
LAND !!... WE'VE LOST
TOO !!



HIROHITO WILL RUE THIS
DAY... BUT GOOD !!

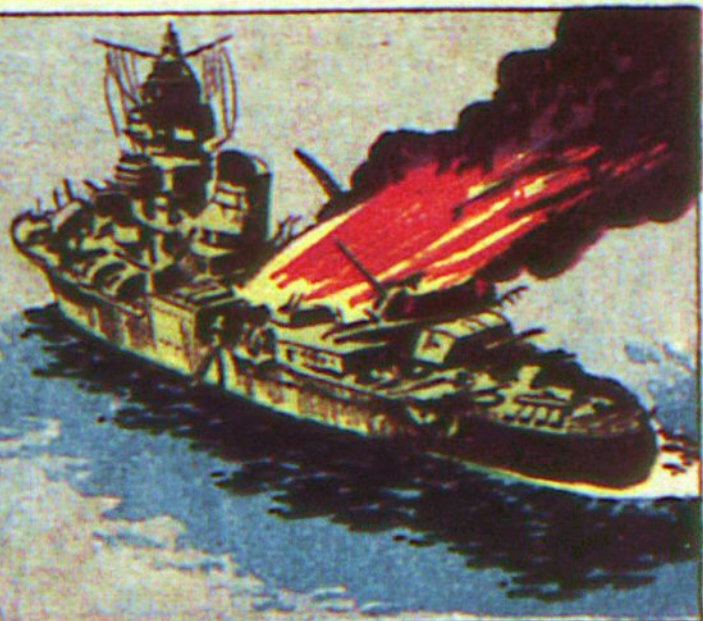


ALTHOUGH THE JAP FLEET IS PUT TO FLIGHT,
THE ARMY, NAVY AND MARINE FLYERS
CONTINUE TO ATTACK THRU THE FOLLOWING
DAY... THE FINAL ESTIMATE OF THE DAMAGE
INFLECTED ON THE JAPS BEING AS FOLLOWS.

BATTLESHIPS - 3 DAMAGED, ONE SEVERELY.
CARRIERS - 4 SUNK, TWO BEING JAPAN'S
LARGEST.
HEAVY CRUISERS - 2 SUNK, THREE SEVERELY
DAMAGED.
LIGHT CRUISERS - 2 DAMAGED.
DESTROYERS - 3 SUNK, SEVERAL DAMAGED.
TRANSPORTS - 1 SUNK, SEVERAL DAMAGED.
AIRCRAFT - ABOUT 275 DESTROYED.
PERSONNEL - ABOUT 4,800 JAPS LOST.

U.S. LOSSES

CARRIERS - 1 DAMAGED.
DESTROYERS - 1 SUNK.
PERSONNEL - 92 OFFICERS, 214 ENLISTED MEN.



THE Atlantic Patrol

A.M.S. Allright



COXSWAIN JACK CULLEY, U.S. COAST GUARDSMAN, IS PATROLLING A LONELY SECTION OF LONG ISLAND'S AMAGANSETT BEACH EARLY ONE MISTY MORNING... SUDDENLY...



IT'S OKAY, SAILOR! WE'RE DIGGIN' CLAMS---

OH, YEAH!... THERE AREN'T ANY CLAMS FOR MILES AROUND HERE!



KILL 'IM, DASCH--!!

NO... PERHAPS THIS MONEY WILL MAKE YOU FORGET THAT YOU SAW US... EH, SAILOR!... HERE IS 300 DOLLARS...!!



YEAH, OKAY-- BEAT IT!

SUMP'N FISHY HERE... AND IT ISN'T CLAMS



AS SOON AS THE FOUR MEN DEPART, CULLEY RACES TO HIS STATION TO TELL HIS AMAZING STORY...!!



HIS PROMPT REPORT ENABLES THE U.S. GOVERNMENT MEN TO TRACK DOWN AND CAPTURE EIGHT SABOTEURS WITHIN A FEW WEEKS...!!



CAN YOU IMAGINE THE NERVE OF THOSE GUYS... BARGAINING FOR THEIR LIVES WHEN THEY GAVE ME \$300... YET THEY SHORT-CHANGED ME AND GAVE ME \$260 INSTEAD... JUST LIKE A NAZI!!



Follow The Atlantic Patrol in each issue of MILITARY COMICS.

A BELL RINGER!



PACKED
WITH
THRILLS

FEATURING AMERICA'S GREATEST COMIC CHARACTER

BLACKHAWK

ALSO THE SNIPER, SECRET WAR NEWS, PHANTOM CLIPPER
AND MANY OTHERS

DON'T MISS THEM!

THE Tootsie Roll OF HONOR

MEET THE POPULARITY CONTEST WINNERS

(See what made them win!)

MEET EDDIE L.
He's full of ideas



I made this airplane for some British boy!

I just finished building this model to send.

I'm sending my train set. I repainted it like new!

EDDIE'S THE BOY who starts things! And people love him for it. Now he's got his friends making gifts for British children. Eddie eats plenty of Tootsie Rolls. They're fuel for brains as well as muscles!

MEET VIRGINIA D.
She's a true patriot



Do you all pledge to buy Defense Stamps every week?

I promise!

IS VIRGINIA POPULAR? You bet! She sold more Defense Stamps than anybody else in her school. Everyone loves a patriot. (And this patriot loves Tootsie Rolls!)

MEET TOMMY R.
That boy does everything well!



A double jack-knife! Gosh!

Give him this Tootsie Roll. He'll need extra food-energy after all this!

EVERYBODY ADMIRES Tommy because he's a champion. In diving, skating, baseball! He practices plenty... he has plenty of pep! No day goes by without a Tootsie Roll.

UNCLE SAM SAYS: "Make sure what you eat is nourishing, pure, and full of energy." Eat plenty of Tootsie Rolls. They're rich in wholesome Dextrose—give you quick food-energy.



BUY DEFENSE STAMPS!

1¢ AND 5¢

TOOTSIE WINS, TOO

The winner in any popularity contest! More children and grown-ups love Tootsie than any other candy!



FRUITY OUTSIDE!

CHWY INSIDE!

Only TOOTSIE ROLLS have a Heart. Fruity Outside—with Chewy Tootsie Roll Inside. Only

EAT A TOOTSIE A DAY—Enriched with DEXTROSE for quick food-energy